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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER.

Oregon and Washington—Probably rain; westerly winds.

POLICE POWER.

It is supposed that to-day, or a day soon, may witness the election of a new chief of police for the City of Astoria at the hands of the Police Commission. This is a public matter of no mean moment; it is significant of the immediate future status of the city from the view point of morals and moral welfare, and the people are, naturally, deeply interested in the selection that will be made in this behalf. For there are those after the office who are entirely unfit for it, and therefore the most audacious and persistent in a quiet way; there are those well qualified for it who are after it openly and honestly and backed by years of experience; and still others are named who have more character than experience and yet, who enjoy the public confidence. The commissioners will undoubtedly take cognizance of the quality of the claims advanced and do what is best for the city.

A chief of police who knows his duty and has the sand to do it under all circumstances; who is not swayed by prejudice of any kind, race, politics, religion, friendship or animosity; who, knowing the law, will see that it is fulfilled, irrespective of counter-authority or counter-forces; who is clean and game and true to his trust, and who puts the people above the commission at all times when the question of right and wrong requires instant answer, is the sort of man Astoria is looking for. She has had enough of dalliance and dickerings and dubious domination; and there will be open resentment of any imposition. The forthcoming appointment of Astoria's new chief, will be plainly indicative of what is to be expected from his administration, and any grave mistake will be remembered for many a day; while a sensible, wholesome and expedient appointment, standing for capacity, courage, and common-sense will meet with universal acceptance. The Astorian has no candidate and seeks the appointment of no man; but it happens to have a hand on the pulse of this public and now urges a square deal in this very important relation and does it frankly because of things, and people, that have been.

HAS BECOME A PRINCIPLE.

The farther the new issue of the primary election goes in this country the nearer it comes to the accepted permanency of a fixed principle of public procedure. The extraordinary range of debate that has been given it, in and out of the courts, compels popular consideration of its merits and demerits, both of which are freely admitted, and the former far transcend the latter, while the latter are amenable to correction in promotion of the former; in fact, the principle of popular nomination is a living and lasting motive of political action in the United States and time and adjustment are all that are needed for its final determination.

The latest authoritative statement in this relation comes from the Supreme Court of the State of Washington and the clear wisdom behind the enunciation makes it widely approved, especially in that particular where it dealt with the objection that "it's use destroyed the existence of political parties." The court says,

COFFEE

Why Schilling's Best?

Because it is best and your money is yours if you think you don't find it so.

Your money returns your money if you don't like it; we pay him.

straightforwardly, this "is a question for the people of the State to settle for themselves." Never was a legal matter so honestly answered as this: The people have been brought to the pass where not the parties, but the arrogant power assumed by the parties, has well nigh ruined the people, and any movement, such as the public primary, must be resorted to in natural and communal self-defense. The politicians have made the situation themselves and have only themselves to thank for the launching of the new program of popular reservation, which, by the way, includes other elements of defense beside the primary election.

If a political party cannot exist without its leaders and bosses dominating and wrecking the prerogative of the people, then it were well destroyed. But this is not essential. Parties will exist forever to conserve and represent the forces and principles of public thought and action; but they will exist, secondarily, and subjectively, to the people and take their orders instead of giving them. The fiat is posted in the "market-places."

MR. TAFT AT SCHOOL.

One of Mr. Taft's school masters was William A. Pabodie, who is still living in Cincinnati and who was principal of the first school Mr. Taft attended, afterward instructing him in Latin and Greek in the Woodward High School.

"He was a first-class student," said Mr. Pabodie recently. "He led a class of eleven boys, and it was no poor honor to lead that class, for it contained some of the brightest boys I ever taught. Will Taft scarcely ever gave me any trouble, for he seemed to realize more strongly than boys of his age that work was work and play was play, and there was a time for each."

"I guess Will found out early that it really paid to work when there was work to be done. He told me once that when he went up to Yale he was so well prepared that he had to loaf along the first year to wait for the rest of the class to catch up. From that time to this he has always been ahead of his work. He has never been one of the men who are harassed and pushed by their duties. As a boy he kept ahead of his work, and has been ahead of it ever since."

Professor George W. Harper, who taught Mr. Taft mathematics for five years, studied the boy carefully, and even in those days mentally destined him for big deeds.

"He gets hold of knowledge in a virile, powerful way," said Professor Harper. "He has a logical mind, and when he goes through a subject he knows it thoroughly, it is his for keeps. What sort of a boy was he? Just a fine, straight fellow whom everybody liked, who worked hard, played hard, never forgot a friend and apparently never made an enemy."

Saved His Boy's Life

"My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two dozens of Foley's Orino Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foley's Orino Laxative saved his life." A. Wolkush, Casimer, Wis. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON.

A MILD REBUKE.



—San Francisco Chronicle.

ROOSEVELT HOT SHOT.

On Haskell.

Governor Haskell's utter unfitness for any public position of trust or for association with any man anxious to make an appeal on a moral issue to the American people has been abundantly shown.

As an American citizen who prizes his Americanism and citizenship far above any question of partisanship, I regard it as a scandal and disgrace that Governor Haskell should be connected with the management of a national campaign.

To Bryan.

In my judgment the measures you advocate would be wholly ineffective in curing an evil, and so far as they had any effect at all would merely throw the entire business of the country into hopeless and utter confusion.

I put Mr. Taft's deeds against your words. I ask that Mr. Taft be judged by all his deeds, for he wishes none of them forgotten. I ask that you be judged both by the words you wish remembered and by the words that seemingly you and your party now desire to have forgotten.

Chollie's Awful Mistake.



Marie—Wasn't it shocking about Chollie Worthington! He fell out of his new airship when it got stalled a half mile up in the air!

Lillian—How did Chollie come to fall?

Marie—He thought he was in his automobile and jumped out to push it back home.—Philadelphia Press.

The Very Thing.

"Mornin', boss! Movin' out, eh?" said the seedy tramp, who had stopped to watch the operation. "Is dey any thing you don't need dat I might take?"

"Yes," snapped the grouchy suburbanite, tossing a bundle into the van. "a bath!"—Houston Post.

Not a Bidder.

"Do you intend to make a bid for public applause?"

"Certainly not," answered Senator Sorghum. "You don't have to bid for applause. It is one of the few things needed that you can get for nothing."—Washington Star.

Confidence.

Cynicus—I love—
Miss Antee—Ah! I've suspected it all along—you naughty man!
Cynicus—I love the delicious freedom of bachelorhood.
Miss Antee—Brute!—Ohio State Journal.

A Positive Defense.

Wife—This looks black against you.
Husband—What?
Wife—The note I found in your pocket—"Ribbon for my typewriter."
Husband—Black! I was sure I ordered purple ink.—Baltimore American.

The Cleanly Men.

A little girl staying in the country for the first time saw a hen scratching in the garden.
"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "there's a hen wiping her boots! Do look!"

Size No Advantage.

Marcel (sighing)—How little men understand women!
Shortleigh (bitterly)—They don't understand them any better than big ones.—Smart Set.

A VERY PRETTY LETTER.

The Story of Byron's Proposal to Miss Milbanke.

Byron's proposal to his wife, Miss Milbanke, was made after a long discussion and study and lacked all impulse. Lady Melbourne, who stood in his confidence, observing how cheerful and unselfish his mind and prospects were, strenuously advised him to marry. She suggested a certain lady, but Lord Byron fancied the idea of marrying Miss Milbanke.

"No," said Lady Melbourne. "Miss Milbanke will not suit you. In the first place, she has no fortune now, and you want money immediately. In the next place, you want a person who will have great admiration for your genius; she has too great an admiration for herself."

"Well," said Byron, "as you please." And, sitting down, he wrote a letter to the lady recommended by Lady Melbourne. He received a refusal.

"Now, you see," said he, "Miss Milbanke is to be the person, after all I will write to her."

As soon as he had finished his friend still remonstrating, read the note and observed:

"Well, really, this is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go."

"Then it shall go," exclaimed Byron. And, so saying, he sealed and sent the dat of his unhappy fate.

Rapid Transit.

An express on a certain railroad was tearing away at a wild and awe inspiring rate of six miles an hour, when all of a sudden it stopped altogether. Most of the passengers did not notice the difference, but one of them happened to be somewhat anxious to reach his destination before old age claimed him for its own. He put his head through the window to find that the cause of the stop was a cow on the track. After awhile they continued the journey for half an hour or so, and then—another stop.

"What's wrong now?" asked the impatient passenger of the conductor.

"A cow on the track."

"But I thought you drove it off."

"So we did," said the conductor, "but we caught up with it again."—Ladies Home Journal.

The Cheapest Way.

"That tobacco you're smokin' has a rich bonnie smell, Willie," said the Caledonian tradesman.

"Aye!" assented Willie. "An' it's gude tobacco and cheap. In fact, I get it cheaper than the tobaccoist himself!"

"Hoots, mon!" exclaimed the knowing tradesman. "That's an impossibility! Ye canna' get it cheaper than the tobaccoist himself! It isna' likely."

"Aye, but I do," asserted Willie, lowering his voice. "Ye see, there happens to be a brither o' my ain wife's in the shop!"

Breaking It Gently.

"I understand, sir, that you are the possessor of a swollen fortune."

"Well," gruffly answered the beautiful girl's father, "what is that to you?"

"I merely thought that I would give you due notice of my intention to help take the swelling out of it. Myrtle and I are going to be married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Terrible Tests.

"So you are still looking for an honest man?"

"I am," answered Diogenes.

"What is the lantern for?"

"That's to test him with. I am going to lend him the lantern, and if he brings that back I'm going to try him with an umbrella."—Washington Star.

Woman Interrupts Political Speaker

A well dressed woman interrupted a political speaker recently by continually coughing. If she had taken Foley's Honey and Tar it would have cured her cough quickly and expelled the cold from her system. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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